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## Memories

**T**HERE comes a time in the life of every East High graduate when East High holds the same place in his heart with his home, and the memories of the days he spent there are his most cherished possessions. His faith in her future, and his belief in the ideals for which she stands is as long as life itself. He realizes that East High means much more than algebra and history, that it is the force in his life which has given him that foundation of character which enables him to answer that question which comes to us all, "What shall I do with my life? Shall I do the easy things into which I drift, or shall I use my life 'For the Service of Humanity' doing the hard things of which I am really capable?" The influence of East High in this age old struggle that each of us must face is immeasurable. The companionship of devoted teachers and the discipline of busy days spent working with multitudes of other young seekers of knowledge, has been the determining factor.

And so, the memories of East High are dear to every one of her graduates. He likes to remember his days at East High, the glad days, the sad days; the busy days and the gala days; work time and play time; picnic time and study time; short time days and overtime days, the days when he was there taking a part of East High's life, helping make East High history and traditions. The very building smiles at him as he goes past and visiting days are the bright spots in weeks. He wishes he could offer a bit of advice to those now in school, so soon to go on into the world, "East High means more to you than you think. Join all the organizations you can, support her paper, boost for her, root for her, be ready to help with anything essentially East High, for school days will soon be past and what you take away will be determined only by what you have put in. In the days to come, let us face the issue and answer like a man, as East High's sons and daughters should. Let us keep our standards and our ideals high—East High. And so, 'Dear East High, you are the school for me,' East High's Marseillaise, shall triumphantly down the ages."

Ransom Wright, '19



## Vandals in E. H. S.

ALL OVER East High are seen pencil marks on walls and lockers; desks and chairs are cut up either with notches or even the initials of this "civilized" vandal. Even the new rubber stoppers for the inkwells in the south study room are not spared. In the comparatively short time they have been there, about a third are gone and many of the remainder are covered with notches and initials, making them incapable of serving their purpose.

And even the floors show signs of vandalism. They are covered with gum-wrappers and scraps of paper dropped indiscriminately wherever the owner happened to be. If such people ever attempted to sweep up such scraps, they would find it considerably harder than it appears.

Do you, the students of East High, want a beautiful building which you are proud to show visitors, or would you rather mark up this edifice and then hide if someone should happen to remark on the shabby appearance of the building?

If you must mark and draw pictures, carry a piece of paper with you for that purpose and when it is covered, drop it in the nearest waste-basket instead of on the floor. What if you don't know the teacher? She would very much prefer having your paper in her basket instead of on the floor outside her door. And if you need anything to cut, bring a piece of wood from home. Anyway, don't cut up the furniture. Make East High a clean

## Don't be a Grind

WHAT DO YOU come to school for? "An Education!" Very good. Now what is an education? Well, we can't say that it all comes from books, for the broadly educated person is a graduate of the college of "experience" and not of many a musty manuscript. Don't be a grind! Get what there is in your texts by all means, but get what there is in the school, too. Get into a club or organization of some sort. Don't let text books take all your time for you can't get far enough on what is between their two covers. Broaden yourself by mixing with the other 1759 in this school. They're a good, lively, talkative, and friendly bunch, you'll find. A great man is a great mixer, you know.

But on the other hand, don't give all your time to "chatting" in the corridors or being so active in "monopolizing" some one school.

Ralph E. Patterson, '20



that your studies don't worry you. Don't get so deep in activities that you don't have time for preparing your lessons. Get your lessons along with your activities and you'll find that school holds much more for you than you have any idea. Just balance yourself now and you'll be worth a great deal more to your friends and community later on.

### The Co-Spirit

**T**HERE ARE two widely different spirits: the "co-spirit," which embodies a united effort to make a success of every movement, an attitude of real cordiality to all newcomers and a distinctive atmosphere of good fellowship; and the "gang-spirit" which is never thought of as backing movements, and, though it is powerful, it is powerful towards "clicking" the school into autocratic groups instead of promoting a warm feeling of equality. The "gang-spirit" is easy to fall into and hard to get out of—but try the "co-spirit"—you'll like it. Cheer up! Mix!! Boost!!! and you'll find a real joy in knowing your classmates.

### The Supply Line

**T**HE CONDITION of the supply line is worth noticing. Occasionally, the line is very long and only about half of the students are able to buy supplies before the bell rings. It is very unfair for certain persons to crowd in near the head of the line or to ask their friends to favor them by getting what they need. This prevents many people who have been waiting in turn from obtaining the necessary articles. As much time is spent by your friends in purchasing extra supplies as if you stood in line and bought them yourself. So learn a lesson in fair play by coming early to procure what you need or by going to the end of the line and waiting your turn.

Mable Sharp, '20

### Preserve the Bread Line

**D**O YOU know that the girls who serve you in the cafeteria are volunteers and are not paid workers? You ought to know it, but some of you don't seem to realize it. Several of our student body have acted and spoken in far from a courteous manner to these girls who are serving their school. Many of the girls are not even in the Home Economics Department, but have freely offered their service for noontime. If they have that good spirit, can't we show ours by being cheerful, too? The girls won't feel like staying if we assume a superior attitude; and if we don't have these girls to serve in the cafeteria—say, you know what empty stomachs feel like! Do you want one?



## In Memoriam



THE members of East High, and particularly the Junior Class, of which he was a member, feel that they suffered a real loss, in the death of Harold Johns.

Though quiet and unassuming, his cheery manner and ready performance of every task endeared him to all who knew him. He was the type of manly boy that we feel we cannot afford to lose—honest, straight-forward, ambitious, interested in both work and play, and above all, faithful. His faithfulness is the one quality that stands pre-eminent in our memory of him, and if his going can stimulate us to a more faithful performance of our daily work, we can not count it wholly a loss.

THE students of East High have missed another face from their midst. Margaret Miller departed this life February fifth. Her illness was of short duration and her death came as a sad surprise.

Margaret was a conscientious and faithful student and beloved by her friends and teachers who knew her. Though she was of a quiet disposition she enjoyed life and had a friendly greeting for everyone.

She was born at Carlisle, Iowa, April 9, 1904, where she lived until she came to Des Moines in 1912 and entered Cattell School and was pursuing her studies with the class of '22 at the time of her death.

Her church affiliations were with the United Brethren, of which she had been a member since a small child.

Though she is gone, she is not forgotten, and sweet memories will cling to us still.



## My Boat Trip

While strolling along the Hudson last May,  
I said to myself, "How about a ride to-day?"  
Then as a boatman with a beard I spied,  
I offered him a nickle to take me for a ride.  
He Hartley accepted my small pay,  
And soon we were rowing far away.  
In the air high above I watched a bird soar,  
And thought my seat would be softer if Padmore.  
We went past the Smith and heard his Hammer ring,  
We went by the Miller and heard him gaily sing.  
Then to the boatman I said, as the Barge gave a lurch  
"Turner and Rowe until you come to the Church.  
Perchance Gabriel's trumpet then will peal,  
Or St. John may come there in prayer to kneel."  
But instead, wedding bells were ringing,  
And Mac and his Bride down the path came singing.  
She carried a Sprague of lily fair  
And a Newcomb adorned her hair,  
Which shone with a Jewel rich and rare.  
Then we drifted to the most beautiful Wood I have ever  
seen  
And heard the Russell of Alders on pine Needles green.  
In a Bush a song bird merrily sang,  
Among the trees the squirrels gaily sprang.  
With the Cumming of night I departed with a sigh,  
And wondered why my trip reminded me of dear East  
High.  
Olive Bruce





## Be a Winner

Don't be a grouch, young fellow,  
But play the game out right;  
Don't think of yourself as a critic,  
And idly watch the fight.

Cheer up, and be a good loser,  
If that is the best you can do;  
Don't talk of the other fellow  
Tho' he may find fault with you.

Give forth the best that is in you,  
And play a square deal to the end;  
You'll not be sorry you did it  
And no doubt you will win a friend.

You've always a chance to be victor,  
It's wholly your fault if you lose;  
For it rests with you, young man of today—  
The kind of a path you choose.

Hazel P. Snyder, '21

## With Omes on the Census

### EDITOR'S NOTE:—

Below is the third communication we have received from Dr. Watkins, all in such a manner that our best efforts have failed to identify the author. This particular communication exhibits a new phase of the character of Omes, a more informal phase, may we express it, but we believe that he shows as much of his marvelous talent for grasping the obvious as an interlocutor with the spirit world as he has in the past as a detective. We therefore submit it for your approbation with the firm belief that you will not object to this departure from established precedent.

**A** GAIN I AM to take up some of your precious time in narrating the recent actions of my friend, Burdock Omes, my only excuse being that they concern certain members of your school, and give information that may supplement your present stock in regard to these members.

My friend Omes, like many other great men, has his hobby or avocation. Some people delight in the conception of the grandeur

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and sublimity of astronomy, but Omes spends his spare moments in communion with the occupants of the spirit world; in other words, he is an ardent spiritualist. I myself am an unbeliever, so Omes takes every opportunity of convincing me through marvelous first hand examples of table tipping. For this purpose he often gathers together a company of susceptible persons, preferably young and credulous, upon whom he experiments to the satisfaction of his psychic heart.

Such a group were gathered at Omes's apartments one evening, composed entirely of members of your school. In number we were about fifteen, and filled all the vacant spaces at a rather large table, which Omes has had especially constructed for this purpose. The room was darkened, and Omes, from his position at the head of the table, ordered each one to place his hands with the palms flat upon the surface of the table, and to surrender himself completely to the spirit of the enterprise. At his words a thrill went up our spines, and the girl whose hand was touching mine shivered. I think her name was A—y Sc—t.

Omes's particular spirit, to whom he addresses his questions is named Ananias, and no amount of interrogation on my part has been able to force him to admit that it is the original Ananias of anecdotal fame, or some lesser Ananias whose achievements are not quite so well known.

Omes first spoke to Ananias in this wise, "We would like to know if there is in this company anyone who will some day have a reputation as great as thy own, and for the same reason?" (Thus did I know the identity of Ananias) "Is the answer yes?"

Then a wonderful thing happened. To our astonished senses came the realization that the table was actually quivering, so like a horse when it first sees its master that we could fancy hearing the accompanying whinny. The hind legs of the table gave a little kick, and the table tipped. The answer was yes. Omes then asked, "Does his name begin with A?" No response. "With B?" No response. "With C?" Still no response. Omes proceeded down the alphabet until he came to G, and then the front part of the table tipped downward, as a horse nods his head in assent. In like manner we discovered the second letter to be E, the third O, and the fourth R. Then Omes had an inspiration. "Is the name George?" he asked. This time the table wiggled back and forth, as if in mirth. As soon as we discovered the first letter in the last name to be C, Omes exclaimed, "It is George C—rr—n, is it not?" And the table shook and shook in a paroxysm of laughter.

Omes next asked, "Is there some one in this number who has

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been blessed with some physical peculiarity that attracts instant notice, and if so, what is the prominent quality, or quantity, and who is its possessor?" A very decided affirmative tap was the instantaneous response. We spelled out the attribute to be, "big feet." We did not need more, for Omes asked if that person was not St---rt B-l. The front part of the table twitched in assent, as if there could be no doubt.

Omes's next interrogation was, "Is there someone here who will be known to fame, and if so, for what reason? The answer was in no uncertain terms, yes. "What will be his great accomplishment," Omes inquired. We spelled it out to be C-A-N-A-R-Y. "Does that mean that he will go in grand opera?" Omes questioned. "Yes," tipped Ananias. "Who is it" was the next inquiry. "Fr-k R-l-n-r," spelled out the table.

But Omes could not keep entirely away from the profession of which he is the greatest exponent. "Have we anyone among us who has been guilty of a crime?" inquired Omes in the most solemn of tones. The table gave a very decided kick, which landed on the top of the unfortunate H---rd W--ks, who immediately turned most violently pale, evidently with fright. Omes spelled his name out to be, that of the culprit above mentioned. "What was his crime?" excitedly cried Omes, with his eyes on the discovered criminal. He s-t-o-l-e an i-d-e-a, spelled out the table. At that the poor fellow, overcome with fright, gave a groan, and fainted right in the arms of R-th Sp-y.

Omes muttered, "Ananias is getting as truthful as George Washington," and hastily arose. The meeting broke up in confusion in the midst of which the villain, aided and abetted by the scoundrel, Gr-h-m N-thr-p, who, as many present recalled, was known to be very friendly to the convicted party, and no doubt was his accomplice, as it is said that many members of the faculty were suspicious of them.

Omes is at present on their track, and hopes to catch them within the next few days.

### A Limerick in B Sharp

When a freshman, I left in the morning,  
My mamma just gave me this warning,  
    "When you get to the school,  
    Don't act like a fool,  
Or the seniors will put you in mourning."

Stanley E. Amsden





## Childhood

**H**OW could the fellows up in the hayloft know that I had run away from home? Had they, by some uncanny means, seen me leave; or worse still had my mother discovered my absence so soon and sent the S. O. S. over the wire? I--I hardly knew what to think when one of them said "You ran away from home, didn't you? Your mother is looking for you; you better hike back."

It was mysterious then what gave me away, but as I look back I wonder if my reputation hadn't something to do with it. Perhaps these boys had seen some of the members of a certain family (whichever one happened to notice his unannounced departure) chase a small boy several blocks, at top speed, finally capturing and dragging him home. Or perhaps they had aided in a community-wide search for a little towheaded, bow-legged, run-away boy, who had the exasperating habit of suddenly dropping from sight. Possibly too they had seen him scramble under freight-trains, unloading freight in the yards; or remembered the day he helped (?) unload a car of feed in hundred weight sacks, while the meat, for which he had been sent to town, was lying on the ground beside the car, with paper almost completely worn off in transit. It is possible that they had seen him on his way to town in cold winter weather, with no wrap on other than his mother's fascinator; or in the spring, had heard of his dumping a neighbor's sitting hen from her nest, and using the eggs for stirring up a cake in a knothole in the sill of the chicken house. When considering that they may have seen or heard all these things, it is not at all surprising that they were a little suspicious of the validity of my passport, when I appeared one pleasant day in March, hatless, wrapless, and dirtyfaced, on a farm some little distance from home. But they thought they was smart, and didn't want me around.

Then when they went out into the stubble-field to play football (?) they didn't even want me there. I guess if I got ahold of Clark's or Carl's legs they couldn't go very far; and it wouldn't hurt me to have the rest of them pile up on me either. Once when Clark fell down, and I piled onto him to hold him down, he got awful mad and told me to get out of the way. I guess I could play just as well as Clifford could, but they thought they was smart, and didn't want me around.

Even when I went back to town I couldn't do anything without somebody getting after me. I couldn't get up in the elevator to look for pigeons, or get out on the roof to see how

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far I could see without somebody yelling at me to get down before I fell down. I couldn't get up in a tree to see if I could see Ridgeport without somebody getting after me, just as if I had never climbed before, and didn't know how to hang onto the limbs. I couldn't play marbles for keeps for fear somebody'd catch me and I'd get into trouble. I couldn't get up and run a'long on the box cars without somebody getting all excited for fear the engine would hook on or I'd fall off or something. I couldn't black the neighbor's little boy up with shoe polish so that he'd look like a "nigger" without causing a whole lot of trouble, because he had been cleaned up to go visiting. I couldn't go down town and listen to them swap stories because they said things that weren't good for little boys to hear. I couldn't do much of anything that wasn't "bad."

However, I had one refuge from all the displeasures of life—I could go and spend my time talking to "Uncle" Colvin. Whenever I went over and scampered up the hillside stairway to the second floor of the old creamery, I always found a hearty welcome.

"Uncle" John had an unlimited repertoire of stories about his trapping and hunting experiences—the kind that all boys like to hear. He also had the faculty of telling funny stories, and making witty remarks with the demeanor of an owl which faculty not infrequently puzzled me. But after watching the effect for a while, he always ended with a chuckle and a twinkle in his deep-set blue eyes.

He used to sit under the over-hanging roof of the old creamery, where he had his bee hives lined up, and watch the bees busily working, and me busily playing. All the while he was entertaining me, and I presume that in a measure I was entertaining him.

The next winter how proud I was of the mole-skin mittens which "Aunt" Janey made of the furs that "Uncle" John caught and tanned. I was the proudest boy in town, bar none.

Ah, that the universe could be turned back, "Uncle" John's palsy dispelled, his health restored, and we could be the same pair again under the over-hanging roof of the old creamery.

Roger E. Tornell.





## Johnny Redtail

JOHNNY REDTAIL made a visit to this city of ours a few weeks ago. On Thursday, a sum of money had been taken from a downtown store. An Indian had been seen hanging around before the robbery, and was of course suspected of being the thief. Johnny Redtail was picked up; he, being an Indian, resembled the description of the suspect. He was arrested on Saturday, and the following is an account of his investigation.

What is your name?

(Answer unpronounceable.)

What are you called?

(Another tongue-twisting answer.)

I mean, what you are called by the white folks?

The white people call me Johnny.

Johnny what?

Johnny Redtail.

What is your place of residence?

I don't know.

I mean, where do you live?

At home.

Where is your home?

On the reservation.

What reservation?

The one where my father lives.

Which one is that?

The one near a white man's town.

Which white man's town?

White man can say it. I can't.

What is the name of your tribe?

Musquakies.

Then the name of your reservation is the Tama reservation?

The white man must know.

How old are you?

As old as my horse.

How old is your horse?

I don't know. Look at his teeth.

When were you born?

In the Corn moon.

What year was that?

The year of the big heat.

What year was that?

I do not remember.

## The Quilt

Who was the great White Father when you were born?

The one that was killed.

McKinley?

Yes.

Was the year 1900?

So the white people call it.

Why did you steal this money?

Did I steal some money?

Did you?

You say so.

You admit, then, that you stole it.

If you say so, it must be the truth. But whom did I steal it from?

Don't you know?

See here. I didn't ask for any impudence. Where were you on Thursday night?

At home.

When did you come to Des Moines?

Friday.

Dismissal.

Stuart S. Ball

## The Lost Hour

She kept Tom Gibbs in after school

When all the world was fair,

Because he broke a simple rule;

She did not seem to care

How much he suffered when he heard

Us going out to play,

While he sat there and never stirred

Because he had to stay.

He looked at his geography

But could not read a word;

She did not know he did not see

Because his eyes were blurred;

And when he heard the shouts and cries

As we went through the gate

A great big tear fell from his eyes

On the United States.

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And when he ciphered on his slate,  
In hopes he might forget  
The world, and think of eight times eight;  
But just when he would get  
The answers down, he'd hear us call  
"One Strike!" outside, at play,  
And then another tear would fall,  
And wash his sums away.

He looked into his history,  
Awhile, he watched the clock,  
He read from ancient times till he  
Was clear to Plymouth Rock;  
And he read on and never stopped  
His studying until  
He heard us cry outside, and dropped  
A tear at Bunker Hill.

And after that she let him go  
In sorrow to the brim;  
'Twas strange she did not seem to know  
She took an hour from him  
And even with the mighty power  
A teacher has to rule,  
She cannot give him back that hour  
That she took after school.

Rosie Cervi, '21

## The Birth of the Year

Oh Spring's the time that I like best,  
The time of the flowers and the robin's nest,  
The time when all is fresh and green  
And beauty o'er the world is seen.

The time when every brush and tree  
Is leafing out and the brook runs free,  
When all outdoors is starting anew  
And a fresh impulse thrills all things through.

It's the birth of the year when the life blood flows  
Through the children of nature, and the wind that  
blows  
O'er the growing fields and the lifeless clod  
Is as soft and warm as the hand of God.

La Verne Lemmon



## Junior Jingles



At East High's a teacher named Wickware  
In her classes to chew gum you don't dare  
Says she, "I don't like to ask it,  
But please put that gum in the basket."  
Yet we like her as well 'cause she does care.

I wonder if our Principal  
When he was just sixteen  
Was never late to school  
Nor ever broke a rule  
And was always dignified in speech and mien.  
Iylene Lambe.

We have a teacher, Miss Wood  
Good grades she could give if she would  
But she says we must work  
And our lessons ne'er shirk  
If grade we should want from Miss Wood.  
Walter Faust

There is a teacher named Barge  
The classes she teaches are large  
Some pupils are small  
And some others are tall  
Who are taught by the teacher, Miss Barge.  
Herbert Miller

Miss Sprague is our French teacher's name  
To make Frenchmen of us is her aim.  
We "parler" it's true,  
"Je travaille beaucoup"  
But U. S. we'll stay just the same.

## The Quill

There was a young fellow named Curley,  
He got in an awful big hurry.  
He stood for a car  
For more than one hour,  
He grew to an old man did Curley.

James Williams

Mr. McColgan's the man with the glasses  
In Law he'll assign you huge masses  
When it comes to your mark  
It's enough to make you bark  
For I'm in one of his classes.



Our Harold at one thing doth shine  
The ladies all call him "divine,"  
For when one he doth meet  
In language most sweet,  
He calls her his "dear Columbine."

Stuart Ball

A charming young maid is Miss Buck,  
Although she sometimes gets stuck  
By higher mathematics,  
She's great in dramatics  
And to judge by her voice, it's not luck.

La Verne Lemmon

There once was a girl Mary Brook  
Who never even opened a book  
But at the end of the term  
She felt like a worm,  
For she failed every study she took.

Georgine Scott



## The Quill

There is a poor boy called Verne,  
Who always recites in his turn,  
I'm sorry to say  
That some other day,  
There'll be left not a thing he can learn.

I know a boy named Ball,  
And I guess he knows about all  
That one needs to know,  
Where'er he may go,  
But once I heard him stall.

La Verne Lemmon

Our Minta is quiet yet merry,  
When going to class she won't tarry,  
If you want something done,  
Just ask this fair one  
She will do it just like a dear fairy.

There was a young boy called Harry,  
When he danced he moved like a fairy,  
When he sang a song,  
It glided along  
Like the voice of a sweet canary.

Mary Bellomo

Here is our friend, Frances Price,  
Who always was leery of mice,  
She painted a picture  
Which was quite a mixture  
Of chinamen, chopsticks and rice.



## The Quill

Some people were made to write poetry,  
Some people were made to write songs,  
But I as a student in high school,  
In neither class feel I belong.

My poems have no inward thought,  
The lines I write you'll find,  
Require no hard studying,  
Nor concentrating mind.

You do not have to lose yourself  
To find the hidden thought,  
For all the meaning that there is,  
Is laid upon the top.

Myron West, Poet

### For the Defense

I have an older brother,  
A little older than I,  
Some smart thing he must say  
Before a day goes by.

He says, "Girls don't amount to much,  
And haven't any brains,  
And all the sense that they have got  
Fades out whenever it rains."

Now he's a bit of a radical.  
And you'll agree with me too,  
When you think of the things that boys will say,  
And the things that are really true.

The other day he came up to me  
In the kindest sort of way,  
And asked me to do his Algebra,  
That he might go and play.

I show him mistakes in his English themes,  
And get his Latin each night;  
Then he doesn't get scolded for "flunks"  
As they're just about always right.

When I think of the things he asks of me  
And then of what he claims,  
I begin to get a bit worried for him  
When he says, "Girls have no brains."

May VanderLinden

# NON-ESSENTIAL CITIZENS

With Apologies to Mr. Orr  
of the Chicago Tribune.



Those who clogg  
up the corridors  
when a fellows on-  
ly got 3 min. to class

Mistake at  
end of a  
Perfecto



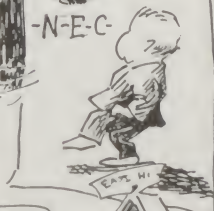
"Give Thy Thot's  
No Tongue"  
— Shakespeare—

Come to  
Papa Satan



N-E-C-  
in East Hi

LATE  
-N-E-C-



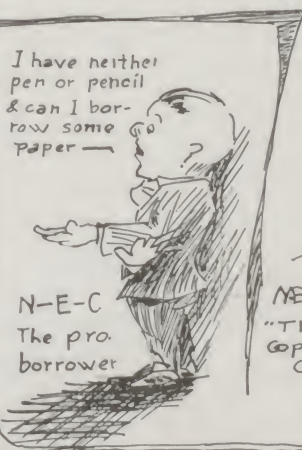
Mother  
East Hi

With over  
1700 chicks, it  
behooves us  
all to be of  
the most  
essential type

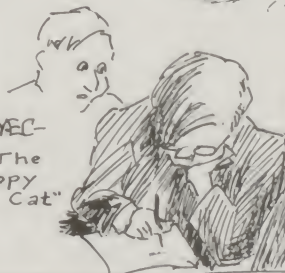


I have neither  
pen or pencil  
& can I bor-  
row some  
paper —

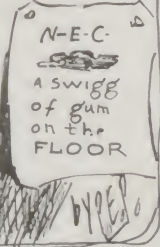
N-E-C  
The pro-  
borrower



NEC-  
"The  
Copy  
Cat"



N-E-C-  
A swigg  
of gum  
on the  
FLOOR





## Army Versus Navy

**I**N WITNESSING the clash between the returned soldiers and sailors in their first basketball game, an ignorant and uninformed outsider might readily conclude that the term "World War" was a misnomer, and that, in reality, the war took place between the U. S. Army and U. S. Navy, instead of the leading nations of the world. The melee gave the horrified observer the idea that some devil-may-care fellows were putting on a realistic rehearsal of world war.

Johnny Handstrom seemed transplanted to the Argonne or some place of blood and carnage. He threw Dick Wallerstedt over his shoulder, with a beautiful "flying mare." This same Dick Wallerstedt, with the help of some persevering army man, tried to knock the east wall of the gym down with his head. He didn't succeed, however, and stretched himself full length on the floor. This was a queer position for astronomical observations, but it was the one Dick assumed.

At this juncture, in this solemn account, the author wishes to extend his sincere pity to all misguided followers of Hohenzollern who, compelled by unfeeling commanders, were forced to face any one of the ten participants of the fray here recorded. Any one who witnessed the game can easily see why the Kaiser decided that "Deutsch" should be spelled "Dutch."

Many reports as to the final score were passed around, but although the ball was mostly in the navy's territory, the writer got the impression that the score was a tie.

## The Second Army and Navy Game

**S**OME people say that the second game was called because the first one came out a tie, but the writer firmly believes the only reason for a second game was that no one managed to get killed in the first game and they wanted another chance. Johnny did try harder but got put out in the third quarter before he could complete the assassination. The navy was three-fifths civ-



## The Quill

ilian and in that way made most of their baskets. Everett Horner had to borrow a pair of shoes in the third quarter for the following reason: he started with a run and a fly for the west end of the gym from the east end, and by the time he had gone three-quarters of the way down the floor he was making a mile a minute flat-footed. As he had only twenty-five feet in which to stop, he fulfilled a law well known to all of Mr. Peterson's pupils and kept on going but his soles refused to follow him. He arrived at the end of the field bare footed. Time was taken out while Ev was encoined in a pair of shoes which he claimed were at least four sizes too large for him. We don't see how this is possible, but we wouldn't argue with Mr. Horner for the world. The game ended inevitably, as could be expected, with Johnny out of the game; not because Johnny is such a wonder at "shootin'," but because when a gob got hold of the ball, he knew that about one hundred eighty pounds of J. Handstrom was following it thick and fast. Such a coincidence would make the bravest a trifle nervous. Suffice to say the Navy won, and there were no hard feelings.

L. Hawk, '20

### Track

**E**AST HIGH'S track prospects look very good for the coming season and with a number of good meets on the program, including Ames, Iowa City, Grinnell or Simpson, and the state meet, our team should make a good showing for itself in everything it enters. We also should be able to capture at least one Drake Relay banner this year, with three of our last year's half mile team back again.

Our captain is Harold Rocho from whom we expect great work. He placed last year in a number of meets in the dashes, and we expect him to be better than ever this spring; he also runs in the half mile relay. Some of the other old men back again are: Shell and Andrews who run the 100 and 220, and are on the half mile relay; Bogue, Odel, and Bolen are good quarter milers, and Greenlee and Grove are distance men. Sid Harvey is back from the army; he runs the dashes and is good with the weights and the jumps. Hartung and Johnson are weight men who are back again. With about sixty other men out working hard under the directions of two coaches it looks as if we are going to have a really good team.

Mr. Moyer, who turned out such a good track team last year, will have charge of the field event men with the hopes of strengthening the fellows on the team.

Mr. Townsend, who came from Grinnell, and who is very good,

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will have charge of all the runners, and with his help we are sure that some very good ones will be developed. Mr. Townsend used to be a runner himself and his experience will be a lot of help to the fellows on the team.

The success of our team, this year and the next two years, all depends upon the new men who are out. If these men who will be in school next year will work hard and "stick" out until the end of the season they will insure a good team next year, and they will also furnish the great number of men to fill in the vacant places on the team this year. If the whole school will get behind this thing and push, and if all the fellows who are out will work hard, East High will rank near the top in track.

Karl Greenlee, '20

## Basketball

**W**ELL, fellows, the basket ball season is over and now we must plan for next year, for West High came out ahead, with East a close second.

Two of our teams came through the season with a thousand per cent.

They were:

### TEAM A (Heavyweights)

Kellog (C)

Ginsberg

Ball

Miller

Newlund

Forward

Forward

Center

Guard

Guard

### TEAM G (Lightweights)

Grund (C)

Winnick

Malone

Collins

Gilbert

Through the splendid coaching of Mr. Moyer, our teams have shown marked improvement over those of last year.

All the fellows enthusiastically express their great liking for basketball. Everybody out was given an equal chance to get on a team. While the interest displayed by the student body was not as ardent as expected, the boys went through the season with the old time pep, and played a hard, consistent game.

We lost the cup, but what of that? Our boys certainly showed what clean sportsmanship is. Now let's take our defeat manfully, and make the spirit of East High evident, as we have done in times past.

Let us hope that next year will be a still more successful one and that basketball will continue to be an interesting, beneficial, and democratic sport of East High.

Here's hoping, with a prophecy that it will be.

Hugh Gallagher, '21

Bernard Collins, '21



## The East High Golf Club

**N**OT MANY of the people in this school are aware of the fact that there is a golf club in East High, although there is and has been such an organization since last fall. Under the very capable supervision of Mr. Hostetter, this club was formed by a group of fellows who were interested in golf, and were desirous of introducing this new sport into the school.

This club, numbering only twelve all of whom are charter members, is still in its infancy, but it is hoped to double the membership by the close of the present school year. Any student of the three upper classes of good character, who is interestd in golfing as a sport and is doing satisfactory school work, is eligible for membership to the club.

From the first, the organization was fortunate in securing Mr. Hostetter as an adviser and in securing the building formerly occupied by the Grand View Club for a club house. These points coupled with the spirit of the fellows are bound to make the club a success and an asset to the school. Several tournaments were held last fall and although the club has been somewhat inactive during the winter months, spring will soon be here and the call of the bounding spheres and cool green will be heard distinctly through our halls.

The success of the club depends entirely upon the present and future members, and writing as one who will soon be an alumnu: my wish is that this organization may grow and prosper and become permanent in the life of East High.

A. Cecil Frisk.

## The Dramatic Club

**T**HE meetings of the Dramatic Club have been very interesting of late. Our last meeting was in the form of a vaudeville:

- A. Orchestra Selection (by an orchestra which did not appear.)
- B. Missouri Trio
  - Fay Gitzy
  - Ella Couchman
  - Inez Coventry



## The Quill

C. Mothers' Day in Sleepy Valley  
A peep into a country school.

D. The Truth about Jane  
A one act playlette.

E. On the Links  
A song and dancing skit.  
Lurene Stephenson  
Florence Peterson  
Accompanist—Violet Paden

The girls are planning a meeting for their mothers on March 25.

A one act play "The Burglar" will be given by:

Mable Burnett  
Alice Olsen  
Margaret Best  
Margaret Phillips  
Virginia Buck

It will be staged by Grace Keister and Ellen Shope.

### The Latin Club

WHO says that Latin is dead and a thing of the past? Just ask any of the Caesar or Cicero students what they think of it. They are sure to tell you it is very interesting and affords much fun. Take for instance the Latin Club. New officers were elected at the first meeting this semester. Hugh Gallagher was chosen president, but later he resigned on account of other duties outside of school. Hazel Snyder, vice-president took his place temporarily until—well, if you had stepped into any of the Latin class rooms and read the notices written on the board in bright colored chalks, you would have seen that several people were making a hot campaign to secure this honored position. One program was given this semester, which showed what the talented members of the club can do.

Then think what fun it is to read the Latin Newspaper in Miss Wood's room, edited by her second and sixth period Caesar classes. The second hour class chose for their editor, Frank Ridner, with Marjorie Cottrell and Dorothy Miller, assistants. In the sixth hour class, Alice Miller is editor, with Lucille Brody and Ralph Stutsman assisting her. The paper is published one week by the second hour class and the next week by the sixth hour class. A special patriotic number was published the week of Washington's birthday. The interesting part about it is that they have jokes, stories, cartoons, and editorials, all written in Latin. The students take time during class to translate this news.





During the later part of last semester Miss Ullrich's fourth semester Latin class prepared an unusual and interesting exhibition, showing many phases of Roman life. Among these were implements of war, a walled town, eight dolls representing Gallic and Roman dress, and also a Roman camp. This exhibition was one of the finest displays ever produced in the Latin department. Many weeks were spent in preparing this for the benefit of the Latin students.

Publicity Committee.

## The Debating Society

**W**ELL, the old Debating Society hasn't lost a bit of its ability, even after all these years of strife. Some time ago, we heard of some folks who declared that the Debating Society had not the pep or ability of its former days, and that new clubs would soon replace it. But now those crepe-hangers have vanished to unknown regions, for the debaters have proven their mettle. About a month ago they upheld their side of a debate with their esteemed rivals, The Forensic Club, with such vigor that they quite overwhelmed them. The Forensic men have scratched several bald spots on their heads trying to figure out how they happened to lose that debate.

When our efficient critic, Mr. Nevelin, was called away, we had to look around for a new adviser. We were very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Gotke, and though he has been with us for only a short time, we have found that he is thoroughly acquainted with debating work. We feel sure that he is one of the best critics the Debating Society has ever had.

At our mid-year election of officers, the following persons were chosen: Stuart Ball, president; Russell Jones, vice-president; Gaylord Case, secretary; and LaVerne Lemmon, treasurer. We are now in full swing for the most successful semester we have ever had. A great deal of enthusiasm is being shown in our team contest and the race is "nip and tuck." At present Ralph Jester's team is two points in advance of Hugh Gallagher's aggregation, but both squads are fighting with tooth and nail—I mean with mouth and tongue. The arguments have been improving lately, and Mr. Gotke is having a hard time to give his decisions because of the closeness in the debates. It has been decided to make the extemporaneous debate the humorous affair of the evening, and we have had no little enjoyment over such questions as, "Resolved: That it is better to have loved in vain, than never to have loved at all."

We do not forget that the object of the Debating Society is to promote efficiency in speaking and debating.

Ralph Jester

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## The Girls' Literary Society

**F**OR a long time the girls of East High have felt there were not enough organizations to afford them development in extra classroom activities. After a semester of hard work, and many obstacles the Girls' Literary Club of East High is at last organized and ready for action. Last semester a committee of girls consisting of Millie Clarke, chairman, Irene Anderson, Ruth Olson, and Ima Bloom, under the leadership of Miss Wood, drew up a constitution. After securing recommendations from the English teachers the girls were voted in, and invitations were issued. The enthusiasm of the girls was shown by the large number who attended the first meeting.

We have been very fortunate in securing as our adviser, Miss Gillam, who has had much interesting experience in this work previous to her coming to East High. At the first meeting of the club held near the close of last semester the following officers were elected: Lucia Upp, president; Millie Clarke, vice president; Irene Anderson, secretary; and Mae Green, treasurer.

At the second meeting many new officers were elected: Gladys Elder and Mary Bennett, ushers; Bessie Adams, historian; Lillie Carlson, critic; and Marguerite King, corresponding secretary. Our program was very commendable for the initial one. A reading by Margurite King and a paper by Eva Smith were greatly enjoyed. A parliamentary drill conducted by Ima Bloom afforded us much pleasure and instruction.

Anyone who doubts that girls can debate should have been present at a recent March meeting when the question was debated: "Resolved that military training should be compulsory between the ages of 18 and 21." The affirmative was upheld by Hazel Swanson and Emma Mally; and the negative by Gladys Elder and Blanche Jones. The affirmative won the decision.

The parliamentary drills which we have at the end of each meeting are both interesting and beneficial. Through these drills we hope to become more proficient in parliamentary form.

Bertha Clarke, Publicity Chairman.

## The Forensic Club

**T**HE OPENING of the new semester saw the beginning of "big things" for the Forensic Club. Last semester, due to the coal strike and other interruptions, the club was not heard from to speak of, until the very last of the semester when things began to run smoothly again.

## The Quill

Among these last activities were a party and a debate. A party dance was given to the Girls' Dramatic Society on the evening of February 4th. An enjoyable evening was spent on the third floor of the school.

Have any of you noticed the air of superiority enveloping the members of the Debating Society? As a well-known advertisement says, "There's a Reason." These persons are the proud challengers and victors in a debate with the Forensic Club. But our time is coming. We have all heard that proverb, which says "He who laughs last, laughs best." Take heed, members of the Debating Society.

The first meeting of the semester started off with a boom. There was much new business brought before the club, among other things was the election of new officers for the semester.

The result of the election is as follows: Stanley Smith, president; Neal Holsapple, vice president; Jay Mitchell, secretary-treasurer; and James Coventry, sergeant-at-arms.

Monday, February 2, our new faculty adviser, Mr. Moldenhauer, was introduced and gave us a short talk.

Herschel Jones, '20

### The Boys' Hi-Y

**T**HE BOYS' Hi-Y has two especially bright and shining marks to its credit this semester. The first was the union meeting of the three high schools, which was held in our building. We certainly had some fine time that night, and due to the efforts of the Girls' Hi-Y, we had a splendid supper served in elegant style. After the supper, we had a program, with which we are sure everyone was highly pleased.

The next big affair that we enjoyed was our Fathers' and Sons' Banquet. This time our cooking department gave us a fine three-course dinner. The boys waited on their fathers, and though we were very worried for some time, we have heard of no serious effects from overeating. After the dishes were cleared away, we proceeded to the assembly room. There we were favored with several short talks; by Mr. Burton, boosting for a larger building; Mr. Moyer, boosting Athletics; Kenneth Gibson, boosting the Junior Chamber of Commerce; and Jay Mitchell, boosting the Boys' Hi-Y. The address of the evening was given by Rev. Higley, of Grace Church, on "That Boy." His humor was very pleasing, and everyone present will agree with me when I say it was one of the most valuable talks we have ever listened to, both for the father





and the son. To top off our program we enjoyed a comic reel by Briggs entitled "Burglars."

Besides these special occasions, we have been holding our regular meetings every Wednesday evening and we think these are of the most benefit to us. We have been very fortunate in getting Rev. Andreen to lead our Senior discussion group and help us along with meetings. We have some of the best speakers in Des Moines at our weekly meetings, and only a short time ago we were favored with a fine talk by Mr. Holsaple. If we were to choose the one biggest attraction to our meetings, I think it would be the eats because—well everyone knows that they are A-1. Every boy in East High is invited to join our happy bunch.

Ralph Jester.

## The Girls' Hi-Y

**A**LTHOUGH little has been said of the Girls' Hi-Y, it has been quite busy and has accomplished a great deal. Not only have they had their regular meetings, but the numerous committees have met, discussed things of common interest, and made plans for the future. After the business meeting, light refreshments consisting of tea and wafers were served. The girls all agreed that it was quite agreeable to have a lunch directly after school, in order to satisfy their hunger, and to enable them to get better acquainted.

Last week the girls met in the corridor on the third floor. Cards were distributed and the girls proceeded to become acquainted with the others by having each one write her name on a card. Following this, they assembled in the Music Room to enjoy the program. Several songs and readings were given by some of the members, and also a playlet. After leaving the Music Room each girl found a chair and all formed in a circle in the corridor. The girls were overcome with laughter when six of the members proceeded to give a Jabberwock Stunt. Ice cream and wafers were then served, and the Hi-Y "broke up," the party having been acknowledged by all as having been a grand success.

The entertainment committee is planning a theatre party for the girls. A discussion meeting will be held March 19th, where something will be said about some of the actors and their plays. Following this, the girls will go to a theatre and see one of the plays. Even though one cannot go to see this, it will be quite interesting to learn about the prominent actors.



## The Quill

Friday March 12th, the girls will entertain their mothers at the Y. W. C. A. The boys' banquet was a success, but the girls are trying to make their Mother and Daughter Banquet even more successful. North High girls are to have charge of the decorating, West High the program, and East High the "Eats." Everyone knows that the menu is the most important part of a banquet, and East High always is successful in everything; therefore a Grand Banquet is inevitable. All have been urged to come, and it is evident that the Hi-Y is going to "put it over."

These are a few of the many activities of the Hi-Y, and because of the great number of them, the girls have been too busy to make their "doings" known to the public. However, you will not be kept "in the dark" as to what they will do in the future.

Charlotte Luka, '22

### The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs

THE GLEE CLUBS have been very busy since last semester. The Boys' Glee Club gave a few selections for a Parent-Teacher meeting at the Maple Grove School. The boys should be commended for, even though Mr. Dougan could not go with them, they all turned out and did very well under the leadership of Dave Bolen. The glee clubs entered the Eisteddfod contest. Though they practiced hard and sang well, they had to divide honors with West High in the mixed chorus. Both the boys and the girls have sung at assemblies lately and have been asked by Parent-Teachers Associations and other organizations to sing, so they are going to get some good practice. The Glee Clubs have gone in for society also as they had a most successful party, in conjunction with the orchestra and band, a short time ago.

Velda Wilbern  
Eugene Burton

### The Orchestra

THE orchestra gave some splendid programs for the mid-year graduating class and had the pleasure of being asked to play for the graduating exercises at the Auditorium. The East High Jazz Orchestra played for the two senior dances and both proved to be very successful. Not long ago the East High Orchestra was asked to play at a West Side Banquet, and a dance. We gave them a fine program but all the time we wondered where the West High music was. At the recent contest held in Des Moines by



the Welsh people we were very proud to have some of our members prize winners. The winners were Marion Hawk, first prize in violin; Mary Mahaffey, second; and Theodore Livingston, third.

The Parent-Teachers Association of Amos Hiatt School sent us an invitation to play at a meeting for them not long ago. The Orchestra accepted the invitation and played during the early part of the evening. We then came in a body to East High where we heard the program given by the Marine Corps. On February the 27th, the Orchestra gave a party for the Glee Club on the third floor. Games were enjoyed during the first part of the evening but they soon gave way to dancing. We served frappe, doughnuts, and candy. Every one enjoyed this delightful evening and we are all hoping we can meet again in a similar fashion some other time.

Marie Wiley, '20

## The Band

**T**HERE IS not much to be said about the Band this issue with the exception that they are still quietly practicing on a few "stunts" to do at the next assembly, and also on a few new pieces. We had to move to the Music Room to practice, so things move along a little more slowly than usual.

During the basket ball tournament some of our members either played in the games or worked, and we did not make as good a showing as we should, but anyway nobody denies the fact that the fellows put life into the game.

Mr. Dougan has the honor of being the director of the only High School Band in the city that holds regular rehearsals. North High didn't have material with which to start a band, and West High started one, holding rehearsals every two weeks, but they have been discontinued, so let's all congratulate Mr. Dougan on his good work.

Harry Shell, '20

## The Student Council

**A**T THE first meeting, a special session of the Student Council, one of the most important questions of the entire semester was decided—who were to be the officers of the new organization.

After a little deliberation, during which some routine work was accomplished, the body proceeded to the important and far more interesting business of casting ballots.

Neal Holsaple, our illustrious football man, made a center smash for the presidency; and after some balloting, in which the competition seemed keener, Pete Walker was designated for the vice presidency.



But alas for the poor maiden on whom the eye of favor falls! Paradoxical as it may be, it seems that it is an unwritten law of the organization that the undesirable, irksome task of secretary be given to one of the supposedly favored and weaker sex. Marie Wiley has the honor this semester.

An amendment to the constitution was discussed, and action will be taken upon the matter at the next meeting.

As one would say, "He had barely gotten the words out of his mouth," so I shall say, the discussion was barely finished when the meeting was adjourned.

## The Junior Chamber of Commerce

**T**HE semester just passed was one of satisfaction to all; it was broken into by the coal strike, but at that it was considered a very successful one.

At the last meeting of the semester the semi-annual election of officers was held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce in the Hotel Savary. In the exciting and interesting hours which were taken by the meeting, Russell Carrell, of West High was elected president; Wesley Alexander, of East High, vice-president; Albert Baker, of North High, second vice-president; Howard Amic of North High, secretary; Homer Lyon, of West High, assistant-secretary; and Elliott Guild, of East High, treasurer. The officers assumed their duties at the next meeting.

A new constitution was drafted to take place of the old one. It is hoped by this to avoid several conflicts which the old constitution made possible.

The constitution also provided for the organization of Bureaus of each of the grades. The Seniors organized the Bureau of Organization, Finance, and Profession. The Juniors organized the Bureau of Advertising and Salesmanship. We are fortunate in having two East High men for chairmen of these Bureaus, Eugene Burton for the first, and Stuart Ball for the second. The two lower grades were organized into Bureaus, the Sophomore Bureau of Commerce, and the Freshman Industrial Bureau.

One of the big events of the semester was the Father and Son Banquet. The three high schools, with the help of the Boys' Hi-Y have these banquets in their respective schools. Although we were a week later than West and North in getting started we had a banquet equal to either of them.

We are looking forward to big events this semester as we have a very able set of officers.

I am certainly well pleased with the way the boys responded to the opportunity of beating North and West for membership this semester by joining the organization.

Wesley Alexander.





## Assembly Write-Ups

On Friday, January 23, we had an assembly where music and Red Cross were combined. The famous Hawks played for our approval, and Gwyda Autrey sang. A Red Cross film followed.

On Friday, January 30, just to prove that Friday isn't always unlucky, we had a splendid assembly. Look the following program over and see if you don't agree with me.

Musical Noise ..... ..By the Band  
Violin Numbers ..... .. Mary Mahaffey

Vocal Numbers Talbert McRae accompanied by Miss Lenore Mudge.  
Readings ..... Miss Pearl Dewey of Drake.

Then Miss Macy of the art department awarded the prizes to the people who won them in the contest for Public Welfare Posters.

Senior Assembly: The mid-year commencement has at last taken place. We waited long and patiently and were finally rewarded by seeing our distinguished seniors of much renown. They marched solemnly and impressively onto the stage. We viewed them and our fond hopes were not dispelled. Mr. Burton presented awards, and honoraria to Ruth Bell, Flossie Jackson, and Lynn Rumbaugh. Monograms for athletics were awarded by Mr. Moyer. Flossie Jackson's crystal gazing gave us a glimpse into the future of some of our coming multimillionaires and bell boys. Anna Dougal favored us with a song or two and we were permitted to see some of the seniors' acting ability. An all star cast gave us a very good one act play and—Oh, Boy!—dismissed for the day. Oo lala!!

On February 4th two assemblies graced the day. We had the pleasure of hearing Chaplain Robb speak. (No, freshmen, he's no relation to Charles Chaplin.) He gave us not only a convincing talk on the Welfare Bureau Drive but many other good ideas.

The Grinnell College Stringed Quartette which was visiting our city was kind enough to come to East High and play for us. Their violins and overgrown fiddles reeled off some very fine music—we liked it.



## The Quill

On February 11th, we discovered that Olive Safely didn't get off safely without the mumps, also that she was very capable of telling us in song of the facts of the case. Since Olive and lemons don't go well together, we will say that it was a peach of a song. (Get the fruit idea?) Mr. Harvey Ingham, editor of the "Register and Tribune," gave us an interesting talk on the rights of the colored race.

Next we were greatly favored by (oh, don't you remember?)—announcements!! These were given by "A man to whom you need no introduction"—also by a man who excused us to our 3rd hour class.

Assembly 12th of February--- Our orchestra opened the Lincoln's Birthday Assembly and we were well entertained by it, until, after we sang the "Star Spangled Banner," Dr. Chase was introduced. He talked to us on "Lincoln." He has the same old "pep" of former East High visits and his G. A. R. enthusiasm is unexcelled.

February 18th brought us a good assembly. It was opened with a song or two by the Girls' Glee Club. They sang "Land of the Sky Blue H<sub>2</sub>O—oh, I beg your pardon, H<sub>2</sub>O in Chemistry means water—yes, "The Land of Sky Blue Water." They then came back and sang "Absent." Then they absented themselves and we heard from Lieut. Walker. The Lieutenant gave an interesting talk on the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army. After some announcements, Mr. Dougan introduced Mrs. Isaacs who played the piano for us. Mrs. Isaacs played well and we liked her. Come again Mrs. Isaacs.

February 27th---Say, did you hear the Glee Clubs singing around here last week? We did. Well, it seems that they were practicing for the Eisteddfod (if that's the way you spell it—Don't try to say it.) They went in to win and did. The judge awarded East and West equal honors in the mixed chorus. So the natural thing was to give the program to our school. We think the songs were great and that the Glee Clubs and their coach deserve much credit.

March 3rd---We had a little surprise assembly on March 3rd. R. W. Roberts talked to us on "A Ray of Light." Mr. Roberts' talk was fine though it sent us to class feeling like awfully small particles in the great universe. He talked on light, its properties, speed, effect, and its relation to us. His talk was surely interesting.

The Freshman Senior party was held Friday, March 12th, in the gymnasium. Noble seniors gamboled about with the wee ones

# The Quill

for two hours and a half. The children seemed to enjoy it, too (meaning of course, the freshmen.) Games, a speech by the Senior President, the stringed quintet, Miss Smith's incomparable players, and stick candy filled the evening and helped make the party a success. We welcome you, freshmen, and hope you will have many more good times during your East High career.

Senior officers were elected at the first Senior Meeting. The following were chosen to lead the class through a successful last semester:

President.....	David Bolen
Vice President.....	Mabel Burnett
Secretary.....	Lucia Upp
Treasurer.....	Cecil Frisk

Advisory Committee:

Leonard Hawk

Mildred Bosley

## The Arrival of Kitty

Oh boy, did you see Kitty? Wasn't she good? "The Arrival of Kitty" was presented the evenings of March 18th and 19th. Kitty has come and gone and East High votes unanimously that it was a good play—a very good play. The farce by Norman Lee Swartout was presented by East High pupils under the direction of Miss Corey, our dramatic art teacher. We feel that Miss Corey, the cast, and managers are to be highly complimented on their coaching acting, and staging of the play. Those presenting the play follow:

Director, Miss Christine Corey

Kitty.....	Amy Scott
Jane.....	Ruth Weston
Aunt Jane.....	Cheryl Sandler
Suzette.....	Virginia Buck
Wm. Winkler.....	Stuart Ball
Bob Baxter.....	Ralph Jester
Benjamin Moore.....	Kenneth Bishard
Ting.....	John Scovel
Sam.....	Dick Spry

Stage Managers: Charles Moser, David Bolen

Faculty, Mr. A. G. Hostetter

Electricians: Leon Hostetter, Edwin Havens

Business Manager, Sheldon Gladstone

Faculty, Mr. R. L. Donaker

Art, Miss Harriet Macy



## The Golf Club Dinner-Dance

**F**RIDAY the 13th!!! Horrors how awful that sounds. This time the old tradition of "bad luck" was changed. It was on this eventful night that the golf club of East High made its formal debut to the public, a coming out party as it were.

They chose as their means of introduction a Dinner-Dance held in the private dining room of East High. A four course dinner was served by attractively dressed waitresses, carrying out the idea of St. Valentine's Day.

The large table was elaborately decorated with red rose buds and hearts, and the guests places were marked by a golf set mounted on red—thus being loyal to the symbol of the club and also to St. Valentine's Day.

The after-dinner speeches were very good and drew much applause, with Mr. Hostetter as Toast-master and response by the retiring president Phil Wharton and active president Karl Greenlee.

After the dinner hour the guests went to the Ball-room on the third floor and danced. The same idea of decoration was carried out in the Ball-room and in the lounging room, and also in the clever programs. A feature dance with red rose buds was very attractive.

We all hope that the social calendar of the golf club will be strengthened by the success of their first party.

## The Bond Issue

**W**HEN East High pupils were recently asked to get signatures on the petitions for the bond issue to enlarge Des Moines public schools, they responded in the usual East High spirit and brought in 1584 signatures, against North High's 1179 signatures, and West High's 332. East High has established a record to be proud of.

## Phidelah Rice

**M**ONDAY evening, February 25th, the eighth number of the Community Concert Program Course, was given at East High. It was one of the most attractive programs ever given, and was greatly appreciated. Mr. Phidelah Rice, renowned on the American stage as a reader and monologist, entertained an audience which was almost spellbound by his selections, throughout the entire program.





## The Latinus Nuntius

EVERY cloud has its silver lining and though Latin may be to some an especially dark cloud, even it has a silver lining. This is in the form of a newspaper which is printed weekly on Miss Wood's black board. Her second and sixth hour advanced Caesar classes alternate each week in producing this very readable and enjoyable literature. There are three editors in each division who choose and arrange the material, but any member of either class may submit material to its columns, provided the contribution is written in Latin.

## The Essay Contest

OUR BEST literary efforts were put forth in earnest during the week of March first to fifth, in hopes of being chosen as the prize essay winners in The Tribune Essay Contest. All pupils were eligible participants in the contest provided English was included in their course of study. On the average the two best essays from each English division were selected by the teacher. Further selection of the four years in high school were made by special readers. The following are the names, grade classification and essay title of those pupils whose essays were sent to The Tribune.

### The Twelfth Grade winning essays:

Winter in the Woods—Harry Newlund  
The Gentle Art of Blowing Bubbles—Richard Spry  
Cast-Off Enthusiasms—Helen Sager  
The Misrepresented Camping Trip—Ellen Shope

### The Eleventh Grade:

The Non-essential Citizen—Mildred De Lay  
Childhood Memories—Dorothy E. L. Pearson  
Peggy—Esther L. Nelson  
The High School Student's Vocabulary—Georgine C. Scott

### The Tenth Grade:

Girlhood Ambitions—Mildred Montieth  
The Strap-Hanger—Albert Sterzing  
Grandfather Gets Ready for Church—Marjorie Cottrell  
Just Before Election—Charlotte Luka

### The Ninth Grade:

Better Schools—Dorothy Cook  
Punishment of Germany—Theodore Lenox  
Mumps—Margurite Hartman  
Our Lunch Room—Katherine Fulton



# IN SCHOOL





The Department has been fortunate to receive two messages from past editors of the Quill. The first is from the first editor of the Quill, which was established in 1905. The other is from the Quill editor for 1918.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 1, 1920

Alumni Editor:

As the first Editor of the East High Quill, I take special pleasure in noting the continual growth and improvement of the publication. The good things in life persist and improve and so it has been with the Quill.

Sixteen years ago, I was struggling with the preparation of an editorial on the East High Spirit, for the Commencement Number. It was one of the hardest tasks I have ever performed. One so youthful and inexperienced as I was may be pardoned for failing to do the subject justice. However, I enthused over my work, exercised my undeveloped faculties, and did the best I could.

Looking back upon that experience, I can appreciate more now than I did then that the chief beneficiaries of a school paper are those who produce it. They are afforded the opportunity and stimulus to go beyond the usual schedules and curriculum and to work their minds in white heat. This, in my judgment, is the most valuable process in education. It is a scientific fact that everyone has a wonderful reserve power, mental as well as physical. Failure to employ it spells mediocrity; calling upon it now and then emits sparks of genius. Hence, the student who fails to get on the school paper, or to go in for debating, dramatics, or some other special activity, which employs one's faculties to the utmost, loses the most valuable experience in a school career.

It is chiefly for this reason that I earnestly hope that the publication of the Quill and similar school activities may endure and prosper.

Sincerely,

Vincent Starzinger, '05.



Hollywood, Calif. 4513 Sunset Blvd.  
February 26, 1920.

Dear Alumni Editor:

I was indeed surprised to hear from you and the old Quill, but the surprise was more than pleasant. You were somewhat brief as to what you desired, but I will explain the nature of my work to you, and you may make such selections for publication as may appeal to you.

For the past two months I have been the editor of the Camera! (the digest of the motion picture industry.) It is a weekly publication and is the only noted trade paper on the coast. We have departments to care for the entire picture world from the producer to the exhibitor, and a national circulation of about twenty thousand. I have under my direction a very competent staff, both office and editorial. This last makes my work pleasant as well as possible.

I drifted into this, my old line, from acting. Over a year I had spent on the screen and stage. I found that work more than engaging and met with considerable success, but this offer was too flattering to reject. It would have been impossible for me to have accepted, however, had I not been in the industry long enough to get the profession's view-point.

I have greatly to thank for my rather unusual success, the technical training which I received in old E. H. S. when the life for me was just one literary struggle after another. Of course, that was followed by a journalistic course at the University of Southern California.

To-day my aim is to make the Camera! the most complete paper of its kind for years to come.

With the best of wishes for the high school people who meant so much to me, I am,

Yours Sincerely,

Fanchon Royer Cannon.

P. S.—I may add that I recently married Raymond Cannon, one of D. W. Griffith's leading men.

Lena Carpenter, '19, is attending Drake University.

Ross Waddell, '18, is a salesman for the Beechnut Company in Chicago.

James Day, a past editor of the Quill and a graduate of East High, is editor of a newspaper in a western city.

Wilbur and Robert Burkhardt, both past editors of the Quill and graduates are newspaper men.



## The Quill

Iva Love, '18, and Margaret Murray, '19, both received prizes in the Eisteddfod. Miss Love was accompanied by Vivtoria Love, '19.

Jean Carroll, '18 is now attending Ames.

William Albright, '19, and Ruth Goetz, '19 were recently married.

Charles Howard, '18, Earl Hammer, '18, and Trescott Long, '17, are doing track work at Drake this spring, while Richard Shope is expected to make a showing for Iowa City.

Elmer Osberg, '19, is working at the Telephone Office.

Georgia Throckmorton, '17, is attending Drake.

Loyal and Floyd Hibbs are employed in the Shoe Department at Wilkins Brothers.

Gladys Minehart, '19, is working for the Central Life Insurance.

Gladys Woods, '19, is attending a Preparatory School in New York.

Clarence Fackler who recently took part in the play "The Country Cousin," at Iowa City has been elected to the Order of Artus, an Honorary Fraternity.

Bruce Gould, '17, recently appeared in a play given at Iowa City "Nothing but the Truth."

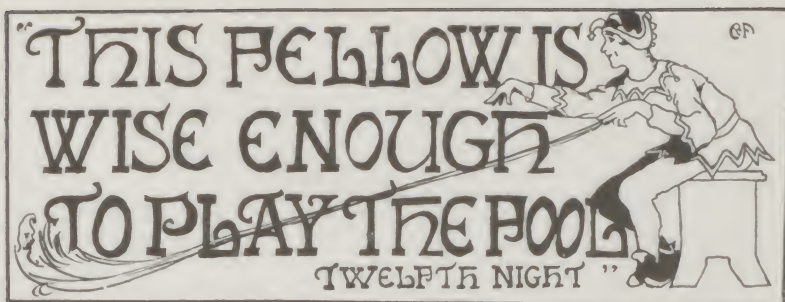
There are many post-graduates back at East High this year. Some of them are: Ruth Norblom, Vernal Stenstrom, Cheryl Sandberg, Dorothy Bennett, Harold Hansen, Maurine Englund, Kenneth Bishard, Isabel Allen, Lois Parsons and Martha Morrison.

Ruth Middaugh, for two years a member of the Quill staff, is on the editorial staff of the Drake Delphic.

The Roadside Settlement is being manned by many ex-East Highers. Now having charge of different departments are Mrs. Helene Evans, '07, Evelyn Davis, '16, Dora Newcomb, '16, and Una Rouster, '19. Louise Schuling who is now with us also has a department under her.

Those who have helped at the Roadside Settlement during the last few years are Catherine Conrad '11, Louise Conrad '15, Ruth Kirscher '14, Edna Johnson '18, and Gladys Rudston '19.





#### Attention Lovers

McColgan says, "He who hesitates is lost."

"Phil, what is your middle name?"

Phil: "Wharton of course."

#### OVERHEARD IN THE PERSHING ASSEMBLY

Gimme your powder puff quick before he sees me.

Huh. Is that Gerenal Pershing? Huh.

Lookithis feet.

I wanna cheer but I'm scared too.

I adore his smile.

Have you seen the vamps in the library the fourth period?

Cecil F. offered Grace R. some chocolate candy the other day. She refused to take any for she said she wanted 'kisses.'

#### WANTED

Everybody to hand in jokes for the June Quill.

None of us thinks that Velba Wilburn.

Frances McKee is editor in chief of the joke department of the Home Savings Bank Gazette.

Have you seen the vamps in the library the fourth period?

Dear Friend:

At last the time has come when I must ask you an important question. One that has caused me many a heart-ache and many a night and day of anxiety. It has broken up homes and has wrecked even more human lives than anything else in the world.

My love has brought me to you with this important question. I thought I could trust you with it for most people I cannot rely upon. I wouldn't mention it to my mother, and wouldn't dare breathe it to my father. So putting all loyalty and friendship in you—tell me is it time to put on my summer underwear?

Your friend,  
Jimmy

#### WANTED TO KNOW

Who the boy was that deposited a lighted cigarette in his overcoat pocket.

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## Staff for Junior Quill

Editor in Chief.....	Gail Stokes, '23
Associate Editor.....	Kathleen Warrick, '23
Literary.....	Irene Storey, '23
Athletics.....	Lolita Mitchell, '23
Organizations.....	Anna Berg, '23, Lawrence Hayes, '23
What's Doing.....	Donald Dailey, '23
Student Council.....	Alice Cox, '23
Alumni.....	Forest Yencer, '24
Cartoonists.....	Nels Johnson, '23, Lowell Hawk, '24
Business Manager.....	Dave Miller, '23

### Faculty Advisers

Miss Burns

Miss Ellis

Mr. Blake

## Junior High Teaches Responsibility

WHEN MR. CORNELL came to Amos Hiatt over a year ago, one of his statements was, "Give the pupil responsibility and they will assume more responsibility." This statement has proved to be true for when our domestic science teacher, Miss Wolfe, was ill and unable to be at school, the girls, remembering her instructions, went right to work and did just the same as if she had been there. When our manual training teacher was sick, Glen Shaver and Russell Johnson took his place. They conducted classes, looked after the shop, and ended the recitation with a ten minute tool quiz. Things ran as smoothly as if Mr. Wilson had been there. While Mr. Cornell was in Cleveland each pupil was on his honor and took the responsibility of looking after himself.

These facts have proved that the Junior High pupils will take responsibility if responsibility is given them. John Green '23



## My Experience With a Fountain Pen

**L**AST SUMMER a distant relative of ours, who is well known in literary circles visited us. She was rather an elderly woman, and that type of person toward whom one always feels a little fear. In fact I was quite ill at ease when in her presence, so stiff and formally correct was her every word and action.

At the time of her visit to us, she was at work on a history of some sort. One afternoon much to my terror, she asked me to come to her room and take notes for her. I found her sitting beside her desk in her cool, painfully neat room. She was clad in a severe white linen dress, and at my entrance motioned for me to sit down on a little stool drawn up close to her knees. I did this rather timidly, then drew forth my fountain pen and pad of paper.

However, I discovered that my pen was empty and leaned across my relative's expansive white linen lap to a bottle of ink that stood on the desk. But evidently my fountain pen was not empty, because when I pulled out the lever, that controls the tube which contains the ink, a black stream of ink shot forth upon the white linen dress of my relative.

For a moment she looked at the black spot on the front of her dress, then turned upon me the most piercing glance I have ever experienced, and I with flustered apologies left the room.

I cannot yet look at my fountain pen without remembering what embarrassment it brought me.

Julia Carpenter '23

## Health Chore Cruise

There is a class called the 8A2's,  
Who do their health chores and shine their shoes,  
They always keep their clothes just right,  
And are scrubbed and clean both day and night!  
They love their teacher, bright and gay,  
Who always looks like a flower of May,  
For they're the shining 8A2's,  
Who were 100 per cent. in the Health Chore Cruise.

Mable Dillon—8A2

## A Riddle in Rhyme

There is a little lady who lives out on the grass,  
And she smiles all day at the people as they pass,  
Her face is brown, her hair is gold.

Can you guess who she is, she's not very old?

"A Daisy."

Evelyn Lindblom, 7A (Annex)





## Success

Be courteous to your teachers,  
And to every one around;  
And you will find a pleasure  
That in no other way is found.

Be courteous to your schoolmates,  
To your friends, and others near,  
The reputation gained by this  
You never need to fear.

Be courteous to everyone,  
Yourself among the rest;  
The friends you will secure by this  
Will only be the best.

Be loyal to your school and home,  
Wherever you may be;  
At work or play; at home or school,  
Remember "Loyalty!"

Be loyal to your flag so true,  
For which true patriots fought;  
To save it and preserve it  
For your most grateful thoughts.

Be true to all, yourself as well,  
For that's what counts for you;  
Untruthfulness is cheating,  
Which will never, never do.

Success is one great thing in life,  
And you, as well, may win it;  
By keeping on and pushing forth  
Until, at last, you're in it.

Blanche Anderson, '23

## Why?

Why do you suppose that old clock goes so fast when I am having fun?

You wouldn't think, quick as a wink, the hands go round, they truly run!

And do you know why it's so slow at lesson time? The hands just crawl!

And when I look up from my book, I think they do not move at all.

Mabel Day, 7B (Annex)





## Girls' Athletics

**T**HE OUTLOOK for our girls' athletics is a very bright one this spring. Although our Athletic Association has been disorganized, we are working up organized games in our classes.

The teams of girls will give an exhibition of captain ball game at the Iowa State Teachers' Conference, the first or second of April. We are practicing hard after school hours, and hope to show the visiting teachers how much fun captain ball really is.

As soon as warm weather comes, we hope to get outdoors and start our baseball games. We are looking forward to an Inter-class baseball tournament, before school closes in June. Last year's tournament was well played to a hard fought finish.

We are working under great difficulties here, having to use the lower hall for a gymnasium. Needless to say the Hiatt Junior High girls are strong boosters for the bond issue which will bring us better equipment and a real gymnasium.

Lolita Mitchell '23

## Our Dramatic Club

**T**HURSDAY is a much looked for and anticipated day at our school, for that afternoon our Dramatic Club meets. It is not all for play either, as our faculty adviser, Mrs. DeVore, gives us useful pointers on all performances we undertake. For each meeting every member prepares a simple recitation of a certain kind. This way we discover many talented ones among our number. Each time we are so thoroughly entertained, it is found hard to second a motion to adjourn.

Two things never happen the same way at our club, if we can help it. We try to be up and coming. Once a surprise playlet entitled "The Necklace," was put on in the assembly hall. It proved to be only the first of the many delightful entertainments that followed.

Our preparation was not all for naught. To boost our Happy Tribe fund, the Dramatic Club staged two Lincoln plays, one "Abraham Lincoln, Rail Splitter," the other, "Lincoln Entertained at Jack Kelso's Cabin."

Each actor interpreted his part splendidly, so every one was willing to contribute something. Through these plays we were able to send "Happy" seven-hundred-seventy-five pennies.

We wish to thank Mrs. DeVore for her assistance and wish all future success to the Hiatt Dramatic Club.

Mary Elizabeth Berner, '23



## Mother and Daughter Banquet

**T**HE GIRL Reserve gave a Mother and Daughter Banquet at the Y. W. C. A. Saturday evening, February 21. The fee was fifty cents a plate.

Gathering into our own groups, we marched down stairs to the cafeteria, where dinner was served by the East Hi-Y. During the dinner the different groups gave their school yells and Girl Reserve songs. After dinner a program was given with Frances Burt from West High as Toast-Mistress. Mrs. Z. C. Thornburg gave a very interesting talk on "Ideals of Americans." Lolita Mitchell represented our school on the program.

Ida Rudston, '23

## Chaplain Robb

**C**HAPLAIN ROBB was a recent speaker at one of our assemblies. He was in France for almost a year so he told us of many incidents that happened there. His talk was on "Playing the Game Square." Chaplain Robb had charge of over a thousand men and he said the majority of them played the game square. He is a fine speaker and everyone enjoyed his talk.

At the close of his talk, Mrs. Zuck, the president of the P. T. A. presented the school with Chaplain Robb's book "The Price of our Heritage." This gift to the school is another evidence of the good will and generosity of our P. T. A.

Lillian Buckles, '23

Leah Matosoff, '23

## The Study Hall

**T**HE STUDY HALL is a work shop and not a nursery as some pupils believe. Neither is it a gathering place for entertainment or a social time. You should be glad of the opportunity to prepare your lessons during school hours. If you keep looking around the room or are noisy and attracting the other pupils' attention you are wasting their time as well as your own. Many pupils have to stay in school from one to two semesters longer just because of time wasted.

We are continually forming habits. The study hall is a splendid place for developing habits of concentration, perseverance, and industry. If we do not form these habits we are developing habits of neglect, restlessness, idleness and of giving up anything that is a little bit hard.

Leslie Granger, '23



## The Feast of the Little Lanterns

**"T**HE FEAST of the Little Lanterns," an operetta of the "Land of the Cherry Blossoms," was given at the East High School auditorium, by the Hiatt Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Dorothy Carpenter.

The leading parts were played by Helen Friend, Louise Batchelar, Julia Carpenter, and Bernice DeVine.

We are very grateful to Miss Carpenter, Mrs. DeVore, Miss McConnell, Sam Isaacson, and Dave Miller, for their willing help.

The proceeds went to the Hiatt Junior High School fund.

Bernice DeVine, '23

## The Student Council

**A**T THE last meeting of the Student Council which was held Tuesday, March 2, the following officers were elected for the coming semester.

President, Dave Miller.

Vice President, Charles Shope.

The Executive Committee are: Helen Carr, and our principal, Mr. Cornell.

At the regular meeting on Tuesday the eighth period, the faculty advisers of the various committees will be announced.

Joe Bernstein, '21

## The Junior Chamber of Commerce

**T**HE LAST Junior Chamber of Commerce meeting, was held Wednesday afternoon, February 25, at the Chamber of Commerce rooms in the Savery Hotel. In the business meeting we elected a chairman, a vice-chairman, and a secretary from the ninth grade. When the business meeting had adjourned the students of East High and Amos Hiatt Junior High school went for a trip to Keefer and Jones, architects. Mr. Jones, one of the architects, explained to us the architect's work from the time a man comes to them to have a house built until the final drawings and blue prints are finished. The drawings must be made to scale so that a contractor can build a house from them. We then went through the drafting room and saw the men drafting the plans for different buildings. I think it was one of the most interesting meetings we have had.

Henry Hyde, '23





The School Treasurer submits the following report of all Cash Receipts and Disbursements from September, 1919, to February 9, 1920.

Bal. on Hand Sept., 1919	Receipts Sept., 1919, to Feb., 1920	Disbursements Sept., 1919, to Feb., 1920	Bal. on Hand Feb. 6, 1920
\$404.08	\$14,380.96	\$8,681.73	\$6,103.31

The above cash balances are distributed among the following accounts:

Account.	Balance Sept. 1919	Overdraft Sept. 1919	Receipts.	Disburse- ments.	Balance Feb. 6, '20
Dining Room .....		\$ 295.73	\$6,134.00	\$4,357.48	\$1,480.79
General Fund .....\$	337.43		799.96	698.78	438.61
Athletic Fund ....	121.50		3,779.48	1,838.24	2,062.74
Quill Account .....	232.46		1,054.25	543.10	743.61
History Fund .....	.40		8.35	1.50	7.25
Steno. Fund .....	.95				.95
Art Fund .....	5.50		12.00		17.50
Forensic Club ....	1.50		30.05	29.90	1.72
Jr. Chbr. of Com. ....			22.25	20.10	2.15
Community Course.....			1,542.25	808.99	733.26
Night School .....			425.00	1.00	424.00
"    " Books .....			153.45	25.00	128.45
Flower Fund .....			102.82	81.40	21.42
Junior Red Cross .....			169.24	169.24	
Senior Class .....			110.10	99.00	11.10
Girls' Hi. Y. ....			13.70		13.70
Boys' Hi. Y. ....			1.60	1.00	.60
Red C. Emerg. Fd.....			22.46	7.00	15.46
Total .....					\$6,103.31

Signed,

ALMA HAMMER,  
Treasurer.

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It works for the Stomach  
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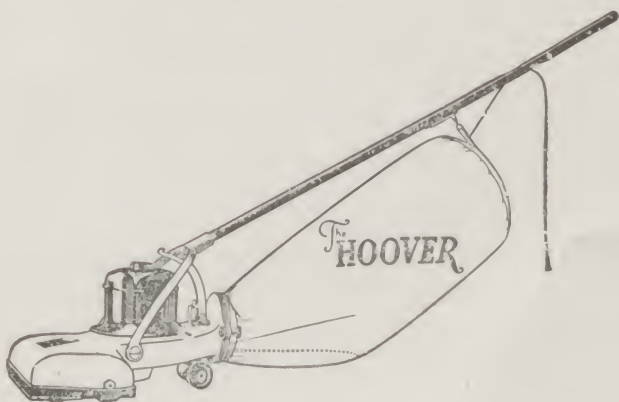
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Your teachers will fill the  
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